

# Half Life: Not From Here

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Summary: Gordon Freeman is about to come face to face with a deadly yautja. Will the hero be able to win the game, or will the predator have another skull for his collection? Takes place during Half Life 2, the chapter Water Hazard. Completed.

## 1. Prolouge

Gordon's hand slowly let up on the gas of the vehicle. The airboat made a crackling sound as it slowed to a stop. A few supply crates lay on an empty sand island, sprouting from the thick toxic waste. The sand was dark and gray, rather depressing to Gordon. He put his foot down on the ground and it started to seep through the already wet ground. He swung his other foot onto the ground and stood in the mushy earth starring blankly at the crates.

The sky was heavy with orange as dawn came among him, another day in this place called City 17. Gordon had not slept in days he had began to feel the effects of it. His eyes were rusty and his muscles worn, but he knew that the only choice was, move on and die or stay put and die.

Walking over to the crates he heard the faint sound of seagull's wings flapping in the distance and the echo of they're yelp as they set off to another wasteland. Gordon snapped his head, ready for an ambush but realizing it was only a bird. He walked over to the crate, and welt his crowbar. Pulling his arm back and lamenting the loud smashing sound that pierces his eardrums every time he cracks open a new box. A feeling of annoyance went through him as he saw a few submachine gun clips lay on the shattered pieces of wood, for he had already had as much as he could carry.

As he smashed the other box he was happy to find two unused power cells which the combine used to power they're armor and the special attachment that Dr. Kliener had made, gave the same purpose to Freeman.

He walked back to the airboat and jumped into the moldy seat. Gordon wasn't a huge fan of unsanitary vehicles, but had no choice.

He kicked the power on and the motor popped violently and began to run. He revved it a few times and took off. The wind hit his face like a wet towel, as he squinted from the air slamming into his eyes.

His mouth tasted of salt and his sense of smell was nothing more than the stench of rotting flesh and biological waste. Almost every minute he felt the urge to gag but he knew, there was no time for petty acts like that.

The citadel rose to the clouds in the distance, the massive structure was as intimidating. It was a surprise to Gordon the first time he'd seen it, but it was nothing more than a backdrop now.

Air was rushing through his hair as he built up speed. It was a narrow stretch of goopy waste and Freeman was not excited to keep going. He then saw a few more crates to his left.

Drawing the boat to the right he parked it near the stretch of wood. That they sat on.

He killed the engine off once again, only to have the nervous feeling of it not starting again. His foot made a hollow sound as it hit the old board on the dock.

Then he caught something in the corner of his eye, he pivoted to see what it was, it was a dark object falling from the sky. It was moving at an alarming rate, the question is, \_What?\_

It couldn't have been a head crab pod, because there would have been more. It couldn't have been a gunship or drop ship, it was much too small.

It kept falling and falling until it disappeared behind a warehouse. Anxious to see what it is, he hopped back on the airboat, started the engine and left the crates in the dust.

He didn't think about anything else but what this was, he drove faster to get to the location of this object.

Finally he came to a concrete landing, turned off the engine and got off. He took out his submachine gun and began to walk slowly into the array of burnout warehouses. He took a stealth stance and moved closer to door of the dreary metal building. The door crept open and he peaked inside, nothing was there.

He turned on his flashlight and saw nothing but old oil barrels and wooden beams, covered in decades of dust.

He closed the door behind him to keep anyone else from getting a sneaky edge and moved into the musty building. He felt pain almost as the dust careened into his eyes.

There was a metal staircase, he decided to take a look upstairs, moving slowly as the metal of his H.E.V suit and the structure clanged ever so slightly he felt a familiar feeling in his face. He kept his keen pose and continued up the stairs. The exact moment that

he had reached the top and success went through his mind, something else blared from his face, a sneeze.

As he swiftly put his hand to his face to keep anymore from coming, and as he stood there in the dead silence, he heard an new noise arise in the eerie place, a long and chirpy clicking sound.

## 2. The Beginning

Gordon stood in complete stillness. His muscles tensed up and his stomach grew a knot. He was afraid to turn around. Slowly he moved his hand down to his weapon. He swung his body around to check the area behind him. Frantically he looked around the whole building, there was nothing but blackness. He kept his gun aiming at the wall. But there was no danger, his mind had just manipulated a sound into something worrying.

A breath passed out of his mouth, ending with a shakiness. Suddenly Gordon looked down, and saw the only light in the entire building. Three red dots appeared on his chest. Dust was floating around the area of the bright spots.

Gordon was no fool, he quickly realized what this was and propelled himself to the side, flying through the air and hitting the metal walkway next to the stairs. The metal of his suit clanged against the floor and broke all the silence.

He quickly hopped back up and kept his finger on the trigger of his submachine gun. There was nothing there. Gordon swore there was something, and he wasn't ready to admit otherwise. He slowly walked to the side and kept looking for an enemy. There was a door to his right so he inched toward it.

As he reached it, he sluggishly moved his hand to the knob. His hand touched it and in one quick motion he opened it, swung out and slammed it shut behind him. His eyes were hit with a ray of light. Causing him to squint.

He looked around, but again he was angered to find nothing. Wind came across his hair and he felt a cool breeze slink across his neck. He looked down and saw a staircase going down. He walked down it, but then heard the same click sound.

He was ready for anything this time. He tried to determine where it was coming from, but in every way he looked, there was nothing. The dots appeared on his chest again, same three, same place. Briskly he looked to where they were coming from, he saw an odd shape. Something that resembled moving water standing on a knoll near the edge of the concrete wall. Gordon thought swiftly, he pushed his legs out from under them, flew backwards, and unloaded a clip into the invisible target. Bullets sprayed out of the machine gun and casings quickly followed.

Gordon's body slammed into the staircase. He was stunned for a moment. Unable to see or think clearly. He looked at his chest, the spots had disappeared, he jerked his head up, and saw that the aimer had disappeared as well.

He struggled to get back on his feet. And put a fresh clip into his

weapon. It had become clear, that he'd hit nothing.

His senses were still sharp, and he wasn't ready to let this thing go. Although the being had not attacked, Gordon was certain it was hostile.

Again he began to walk down the back alley of warehouses. He kept his gun at the ready, and watched for any red dots. It came to his surprise that something whirled in front of him spinning. It didn't stop until it slammed into the metal wall of a warehouse. Gordon turned to the direction it came. He saw the object again, but this time it was hurtling toward him at an alarming rate. Gordon looked down and saw two blades slid out of its outline of an arm.

It was human like, but hard to tell exactly, due to the fact that it was transparent. Gordon swung his gun around and fired again. There was nothing but sparks coming off the being. Gordon heard the dreaded click of his gun going dry. The thing then leaped toward him and threw its blades at Gordon's face.

Although Gordon was nimble enough to move his head to the side, he fell to the ground and lost sight of the outline. He breathed heavily and looked around. When he tilted his head up he saw the shiny blades hover above his head, he turned his head out of the way just as the blades crammed into the pavement. Gordon now had a clear shot, he flung his gun above his head and squeezed the trigger with all his might. Only to remember he was out of ammo. Gordon reached for his pistol but as he did the monster tried to cut Gordon another time, Gordon rolled again.

Before Gordon had time to think, the blade came swinging at him again, but this time it landed right in front of Gordon's face, only to be blocked by Gordon's hand. He tried pushing, Gordon was strong but the monster was stronger. Gordon's muscles cringed as he started to lose the tug-o-war. As the sharp piece of metal came closer by the inches Gordon was running out of strength. But at that moment he remembered the number one perk of his suit, AUX power. Something that sends a straight jolt of adrenaline right through his body.

This required Gordon to remove one hand from the struggle, he quickly moved it away from the blade, to the switch on his thigh, and yanked it to the on position. Suddenly, as if magic, he felt the jolt run through his veins. He brought his hand back to the blade and pushed it, and the outline back. He jumped to his feet and finally got a good look at the moving water.

Then, two yellow ovals flashed in perfect symmetry. Something that deeply resembled, eyes. The outline turned around and began to run away from Gordon. Hopped on adrenaline, Gordon started to pursue it. He was gaining on it for a few seconds but fell quickly behind as the power wore off. So he had no choice but to stop. He brought his head down and put his hands on his knees to get some air. By the time he looked back up, it was long gone.

Gordon rubbed his eyes in dismay. Confused about the creature, what was it? Where did it come from? Did the combine control it? So many questions.

However Gordon thought to himself, and remembered something the creature obviously forgot. One of its weapons, Gordon turned to the

warehouse that the first object had flown into. He walked over to examine the weapon. It was disc type object, stuck in the building pretty deep.

There were three holes for finger and Gordon fitted his into them. When they were in place he yanked on it once, but it didn't budge, he tried again but it still didn't move at all. If he'd had the adrenaline still, it may have been possible. But as a physicist, Gordon knew it wasn't moving.

Gordon was face with the choice to stay and find out more, or leave a forget about all of it. Being the curious guy that he is, he stuck around. But He did remember the old saying; \_curiosity killed the cat\_. Gordon wasn't ready for some second grade phrase to stop him from finding out more of this particular creature.

He'd dropped his gun during the skirmish, as he went to retrieve it he heard an noise arise behind him. He turned sharply, still filled with fear and alertness. But it was nothing more than another sea gull landing on the dirty pavement.

He'd used up two clips on this creature already, but didn't do anything to it. He wish he'd picked up the two in the crate before, which had always been the case for Gordon Freeman, should of, could of, would of.

There was no time for senseless arguments within is mind. There was no doubt the creature was going to return, an no doubt Gordon would be ready for him.

Gordon walked around the abandoned shipyard, getting a good look at his surroundings. Possible sniping positions, hiding places, open spaces.

Suddenly Gordon heard the roars of an engine, he looked in the now blue air and saw a combine drop ship heading straight for the ship yard. Gordon had thought little of the combine since he'd started the battle with the unknown, but he hadn't completely forgot they were looking for him. He ran behind the metal wall of a warehouse and took cover, waiting for the metro police to file in.

Not the smartest enemies he'd ever done battle with. His mind went to a flashback of Black Mesa and the marines that had a similar stance. But his mind sharply came back to reality, even causing his head to flinch. The engines on the metal beast roared, rattling the remaining windows of the old buildings.

As the monster slowly started to drift back up. Gordon heard a familiar sound of metro cop's synthetic boots march across the concrete. They started to blur into sight, Gordon, tightened his grip on the submachine gun. They were running in perfect sync as they hurled toward Gordon's position.

Out of nowhere Gordon saw a blue light flash, it struck on of the soldiers in the face. His whole body flew sideways and slammed into the ground. All the other men turned from the position of the shot, they aimed at the grassy hill and began firing blindly into the trees. It was obvious who the killer was. At this point Gordon knew it was obviously no work of the combine. He began asking himself more questions.

As most of the police had stopped firing, and needed to reload, Gordon saw the outline begin to creep on the roof of the warehouse behind them. They were all still facing the trees as the monster jumped behind them, it slung its blades out again and pushed them into the back of a soldier, he projected a muffled yell and the others turned around. When they saw the thing they all began to fire at it, but were unsuccessful, as it ducked and diced two more men, clean in half. Its blades appeared in an extended state, making them bigger and sharper.

Most of the men were having trouble seeing the creature, due to the transparency and lack of a good eyesight themselves. A few of their bullets even managed to hit each other, causing a few to fall at the hands of their own comrades. As the monster still vigorously slice a few more men, and their red blood spilled on the ground. Gordon stood there, not attacking the creature or the soldiers. When one man remained and had an issue with reloading his weapon, because of the fear the thing struck into him. It grabbed the man's neck and lifted him up.

It repeated the same clicking sound it was making fruitlessly before. But this time Gordon knew it had to mean something. After what seemed like an examination of the metro cop, he threw him aside and turned around. The man was far from death, so he picked up a gun he found next to him and fired at the back of the creature.

His efforts were nothing but a death note. The monster turned back around and the cop tossed the gun aside regretting his actions. The creature moved closer, very slowly and calm. The cop tried to inch back with his hand. The monster raised its blades and the cop put his arms to his face. Without hesitation it heaved them into the man's face, and his arm flopped to the ground. The creature yanked the blade out violently and whipped the blood off. It made a disturbing sound as it spread across the ground. Like the splash of water, but much more gruesome.

Gordon knew this wasn't a good time to attack, he was also struck with awe by the monster's execution of its plan and slaughter. Of course, he felt no pity for any of the soldiers that it killed, he still was amazed by its killing spree.

Gordon also paid little attention to where the blob had actually had gone. He became aware of this and panicked. He looked around to see it. His mind calmed down when he knew it couldn't have been near him and a such a short period of time.

One thing was for sure, in addition to the monster coming back for Gordon, so were the combine they were likely to think that it was him who slain the squad. Gordon decided to cut his losses and leave before more soldiers came, if they were going to find him they might as well chase him. He started to walk toward where the boat was.

Gordon heard the pop of something that sounded like a gun. He looked to the left and saw the blue light flying toward him. He pulled his body back but wasn't quick enough, the laser caught his opposite arm and managed to cut through his suit. Gordon kept his balance on the ground but swaggered as he grabbed his injured arm. He looked around the rooftops for the shooter, then around the windows, but he didn't see a blob or anything else. He picked up his gun and looked all

around, his mind was going wild with fear.

He then caught a glimpse of the creature as it tried to duck behind a vent, Gordon fired at it, but with only one hand, the kick threw his shots all around. The bullets ricocheted off the metal roof and the vent. However the blob remained in the same place.

As the frustrating click of the gun came up again, Gordon went to get yet another clip, hoping it wouldn't be for nothing. The creature came out from cover and fired another laser. This one successfully pounded Gordon in the chest. He flew over a foot back and smashed his unprotected head into the rock. The pain went through it like a knife through butter.

He'd lost his gun and heard the hearty footsteps of the monster pound forward. Blood began to trickle from his mouth. He knew that he may be finished. But his mind had a small speck of hope when he remembered another trick up his sleeve. He pulled an object from his suit, a grenade. He managed to lift his head just enough to the creature's legs move toward him. He put his hands together, pulled the pin out, lobbed it toward the creature and pushed himself on his belly. He was weak getting up, but knew he had to.

He pushed his feet to the ground and started to run as fast as his lungs and legs would let him. Five seconds passed like three as he felt the heat from the explosion on the back of his neck. The shock of it pushed him forward and threw him on the ground again.

He was very weary from being crunching into the ground two times consecutively. Although not all the fear of the monster was gone, Gordon still lay on the ground like he was victorious. He breathed deeply as he decided to look up at the smoking crater he had made. Nothing remained, Gordon knew that he accomplished nothing but his own pain. He punched the ground in disappointment.

Winded, he raised up and brushed the dust off his suit. A black scorch lay in the center, obscuring the lambda symbol. He'd lost his gun, so resulted to his 9mm pistol, a bit of a downgrade. None the less, Gordon still had a high spirit to defeat his opponent. He needed a few minutes to regroup, so he went over to a wall and rested his arm.

His relaxation was cut short, for he saw the dots appear once again on his arm. He sighed and turned around to see the same thing, a moving outline. However, this time it wasn't hiding on top of a building, it was standing in plain view. It hesitated to fire, but instead slung its sharp blades out again. Gordon knew it wanted a direct confrontation, and he didn't want any less himself.

Gordon returned his pistol and instead took out his crowbar. The sun twinkled off the top's metal. The creature stormed toward Gordon and he put his crowbar up like a sword. They both crashed each other's metal weapons, sparks trickled off. They both frantically began strike they're weapons. Neither making a direct hit on the other. However the might of the creature began to draw Gordon back, closer to the edge of the concrete platform.

He began to smell the salt of the water once again. The creature made a swift kick under Gordon's leg and he fell backwards. He still kept his crowbar up and tried to block the blades that flew closest to his

face each time. Gordon looked behind him and saw the edge of the ground, leading to a four foot drop into the water. Gordon then kicked his legs up onto the thing's outline of a chest and threw himself back, he caught himself on the edge, but the creature flipped into the water. Gordon looked down at it, he saw what seemed to be electricity jolt through it's body.

The outline then became thicker, and darker. It was becoming an actual solid object. it's eyes looked up at Gordon, and he looked back at it. There creature was in plain view. It jumped up over Gordon's head. However, Gordon already had his pistol in his hands, expecting this move by it. He met his hands above him and pulled the trigger, he hit the creature in the stomach, a green fluid spurted out, onto Gordon's arm.

It screamed for the first time, and yet still landed on it's feet. Gordon got up as fast as he can, but he couldn't get up fast enough to see the creature before it reactivated it's cloaking device. Gordon fired a few more shots, hoping to his something. It was far out of sight before he could do anything.

Gordon had a few more questions added to his long list. Gordon felt his mind fluster from that concept and shook his head. He still knew so little about it, but one thing was for sure; if it bleeds he can kill it.

### 3. A Direct Confrontation

Gordon was tired, bruised and beaten. His mind was running sluggish. However his moral was stronger than ever, after he'd seen the creature bleed. Sweat was sliding down his face, glistening in the bright sun. He drew his arm across it to wipe some of it off, the cold touch of the suit felt gratifying. He took a deep breath, in and out.

Instead of staying in the same place, Gordon followed the trail of it, or at least the vague idea. As he reached the edge concrete wall where the light row of trees began, he saw the substance glowing in the grass. He looked farther and saw the trail of it leading out into the spacey forest. He started to follow it.

The creature attacking him wasn't an improbable thought, so he kept his guard ready. He felt as though it was watching. Gordon stalked through the woods as it got heavier and thicker. The knot in his stomach grew bigger. His ears twitched as he heard a cracking sound behind him. He prayed that it was a bird, but it was the creature, in cloaking form again. Gordon fired shots from his pistol but they just bounced off, as they did before.

Gordon knew that guns were doing no good against this when it cloaked. So he threw the pistol on the ground, the creature saw this and stopped walking toward Gordon. They both stood, glaring at each other. Then it did something completely unexpected, Gordon saw it shift around. But then the electricity started again and the monster emerged from it's transparent state once again, but voluntarily. Gordon kept his stance even though he was intimidated.

The creature turned it's head to one side. It was a tense moment as the two fighters stared at each other's odd characteristics. Gordon



knew the true nature of this creature, not a soldier or a worrier but a predator.

It reached behind it's back and pulled something out. A cylinder like item, it was thick but short. The predator held it out sideways and two sides of it extended, creating a massive spear. It nodded, signaling Gordon do pull out his melee weapon. He then shifted out the crowbar and felt weak now. He stilled raised it like a sword. The predator swung his across Gordon's head but he ducked just quick enough. Gordon tried to strike it, but he couldn't manage to catch it off guard.

They were in complete melee battle again, but this time the predator had his staff. Gordon knew this was a battle he had no chance of winning, he pivoted and started to run through the trees. His stalker quickly followed. Gordon had trouble keeping the branches out of his eyes. His feet pounded on the ground and his breath started to run short. He flipped the switch once again to make the adrenaline flow. His legs began to feel lighter and he was running trying to find his way out of the forest back to the shipyard. His mind went blank and he looked in all directions to find an exit.

Then he saw his opportunity, an obscure view of the warehouses . He ran to it and jumped off the concrete ramp. He looked back to see the monster still behind him. Gordon kept running hoping to get to the dock before the predator could get to him. He saw the outline of his air boat and ran as fast as he could hoping to reach it. He jumped off the dock into the murky water. He turned around and swiped the crowbar across the monster's helmet catching it by surprise. As it tried to regroup Gordon hopped into the air boat seat and started the engine. He looked back and saw the monster standing up.

He gripped the gas, almost crushing the metal underneath his fingers. The boat took off but the creature was too. He started to gain, but Gordon lobbed a grenade back to throw it off track. The explosion lit up the water and heated the air for a moment. It was a direct hit and the monster was even blown off it's feet.

Gordon smirked, and revved the gas a little more. The creature was weary getting back up, but forced itself, seeing as how it's prize was getting away. It began to run after boat, it aimed it's gun but Gordon didn't notice the dots, his back was turned. It fired the laser and hit the back of the boat. The boat stopped and flipped forward. Gordon was tossed out and landed in the water. It splashed onto his face and the salt stained his glasses. He wiped as best he could but didn't have much time, the predator was barreling at him, spear in hand.

Gordon whipped out his crowbar and blocked the oncoming attack. But before the skirmish could get to heated, they both heard a growing noise in the distance. A black circle appeared in the distance, hovering quickly toward the two. Gordon knew what it was, but the predator was clueless. Gordon ditched it and ran back to the boat. The predator was still curious about the object, the chopper grew closer.

Gordon then heard the dreadful charging of the machine gun on the massive machine. Although he was pleased to find it not aiming at him. The predator then realized what it was and struggled for his arm device. Gordon jump started the gas on the air boat. Black smoke shot

out of the engine and the smell of gas filled his nostrils.

The chopper opened fire on the predator, fortunately for it, the cloaking had activated and the chopper lost sight. It turned around to attack Gordon, he tried his best to out run it but there was no chance, for it was much too fast. He heard the charging behind himself and braced for an array of bullets to tear into his back. It never happened though, Gordon looked back as he heard a crashing sound. A blue projectile had hit the rotor, it barely damaged the machine but still delayed it's attack on Gordon.

He kept driving, still picking up speed. The machine charged up again, then spat out hundreds of bullets. However, Gordon was well out of point blank range, so the pilot had a hard time hitting him. A few bounced off the metal of the boat but none hit Gordon. He kept his hand on the gas and had a strong will to out run it. Its ammo was depleted and with Gordon on the run, he resulted to the next phase of attack. It opened its bomb bay doors and released a few bombs.

It started to catch up to Gordon and he couldn't go any faster. The predator then had its own idea. It grabbed one of the bombs. The light flashing faster, so he chucked it at the copper. It exploded as it hit the side of it. It swaggered in the air and started losing balance. It was still dropping bombs but slowly closed the doors on it. Then it retreated and started to fly away, Gordon was happy to see it, he didn't notice the wooden road block directly in front of him. He hit it and flew forward, smacking his face in the mud.

He hopped up and wiped the dirt and water off his glasses. They were getting pretty beat up but he had to press on. He looked around, and saw the outline again. The only problem was, he had no weapons besides the crowbar. He had no choice but to run. He took off, the cloaked monster wasted no time and followed.

Gordon was having trouble dragging his feet through the mud, but the predator waded right through it. Gordon tried his best to keep running but the stalker was gaining quickly. He finally made it out of the water on a small island. He didn't cease, he looked back and was angry to see the monster so close to him.

This was it, he had nowhere else to go. As soon as it caught up with him Gordon Freeman would be nothing more than a memory. But fate had a merciful side, Gordon heard the same sounds as before and from behind a close hill, arose the same chopper as before. Gordon wasn't joyed to see it right away. But as he looked back and saw the predator chasing him, looking back at the helicopter. He kicked his legs back and fell on the ground just as the gun had charged up.

Bullets sprayed from the barrel and all Gordon could hear was an odd scream of pain. He lifted his head and looked back to see the injured monster lay on the ground with a malfunctioning cloak. Gordon got back up and started to run again.

He began to climb a small hill onto a road. The chopper turned to follow Gordon. Suddenly it was hit by another blue flash. It shook and turned back to the predator, they had both fallen into Gordon's trap. As the helicopter was recovering from the blast, the monster itself got back up and followed Gordon. He watched as the beast came at him like a tiger but Gordon was full of rage, he pulled out his

crowbar. And gave a look that said, \_come and get me\_. The predator swung out it's blades once again, anticipating the fight. But they both heard the guns on the chopper start to heat up again. The predator was furious and gave one fine shot directly at the cockpit.

The explosion seemed even larger than the others on it. Electricity started to shoot through the rest of it. Eventually the entire machine was engulfed in a massive ball of flame. A few black pieces fell from the air and continued to burn on the ground. Gordon starred at the sight and did nothing more than push up his glasses.

He looked back at predator with the same look on his face. The two were ready for a fight. The sun was still blaring above the crisp blue sky. The fire still burned bright over the remains of the chopper. The hard black smoke rose up to the sky and dispersed, as if it was never there.

Gordon knew that news of this was all over the combine scanners, groaning at the fact. However, at this moment nothing else matter. He was going to fight this creature, to the death. The predator's blank mask intimidated him, with it's lifeless stare. It began it's language again, the assortment of short, consistent clicks.

It was on. The predator leaped toward Gordon, dashing madly at him. Before it could catch another glimpse, there was nothing but smoke and it was on it back. Gordon had set off another grenade. A weapon he'd remembered, it was risky, but what risk hadn't he take already?

Smoke was still glooming where Gordon had set it off and the predator was weary from the blast. It was on it's side and looked over. An upside down orange blob started to run out of it's view.

Gordon was running down the heavy road. He still wanted to battle the monster, but get as far away from the combine as he could. The road stretched much farther than Gordon would have liked, but it was still taking him away from the crash site. Although the combine would most definitely hunt down and kill the predator, he knew they would do the same for him.

The monster was outraged and chased Gordon down the road. It's metal sandals stomped into the pavement.

Gordon saw something glimmer in the corner of his sight. He stopped to take a look and saw an old rusty van, with the wheels gone and all but one door missing. There were objects sticking out of the doors. With red pools underneath. They were a group of dead rebels. These uniforms were new to Gordon, seeing as how he hadn't come in contact with many rebels. Gordon went over to take a look.

The predator saw his body heat form in the distance. He sprinted to his target, ready to slice the back of his neck.

With one swift move Gordon turned around and let his new machine gun fire off into the monster. Although Gordon knew guns had little effect, there was no shame in trying once more. To his surprise and glee, a few of the bullets pierced into the skin of the creature. The same blood he'd seen before spilled out in a bright, neon fountain. The monster itself screamed and stumbled back. Gordon was pleased to

see it scream once again.

He kept his gun up, he was about to pull the trigger and let a few more rounds rush into it. He heard a sound from the hills to the west. It was a static sound almost like a radio. They both looked over and saw a few metro police spill out of the trees. Gordon ducked behind the car but the creature simply buffed its stature.

The soldiers saw the predator in confusion. However, if it wasn't working for them, it was against them. They began to fire all their weapons at once. However most of them bounced off the armor on the predator's shoulders. Seeing how bad their aim is. The creature took out its staff and unraveled it again.

It jumped up and stabbed two of them without even taking a second look. It almost seemed routine for this thing to slash through a crowd of men with guns. Gordon was surprised but stood his ground behind the van. The predator had all kinds of fancy moves it used on the cops, simply for more fun during the slaughter. It still didn't cease to amaze Gordon. He watched as his enemy's gore was swung out across the grass and dirt.

The spear went through one man and into another. Making a lovely kabob of metro police. The monster was absolutely loving it. It was like a game to him, child's play. After its spear jabbed through the lung of the last remaining soldier. It looked around at the bodies strewn around. It loved to take a skull back for a souvenir, but none of these men were even worth slicing open.

His face landed on Gordon again. Blood dripped off his spear and he starred at Gordon, hiding behind the van. Gordon slid out and fired at it once again, the hot casings fell onto his suit, bouncing off with metallic sound. Gordon was not a perfect marksman many of the bullets slung by the monster. It didn't even budge. Gordon stood back up and threw his gun down, it was out of ammo anyway.

He pulled out the red crowbar again. The predator still had its spear ready. The two charged at each other and slashed their weapons. The two metals collided with great force, shocking Freeman but the monster remained the same. They swung their at each other, each blow seem to have barley missed one another. A few of the swings collided with each other, causing a few sparks to fly out. The two frantically kept swinging.

Another sound arose from the distant road, the sound of engines. Gordon looked and saw two combine APCs making their way down the old highway. Once again Gordon had the upper hand of knowledge, he quickly jumped behind the van. The predator was clueless to what these were. He stood glaring at them.

They both squealed to a stop in front of the monster. Their guns turned toward it. It jumped to the opposite side of Gordon and hit its wrist computer. Thus turning it invisible once again. The guns stopped looking and never fired a shot. Out of the car came a few more metro police. Gordon shook his head in annoyance. He looked over, the predator was gone, literally.

The outline didn't remain, it had fled, obviously not wanted to fight anymore police. It left them to Gordon. He slowly placed his hand on the submachine gun that was conveniently close to the dead rebel

right next to him. He got it ready as the cops started to look around the area. One of them came extremely close to him, Gordon put his finger on the trigger.

Before he could pull it, the metro police flew back and blood spew from it. Suddenly the men started firing off into the distance. Gordon looked out and saw a group of rebels firing back at them. Slowly one by one, the soldiers went down in a blaze of gunfire. Their bodies getting thrown back into the APCs.

He stood back up and saw the rebels making their way toward him. As the moment went from complete dismay to glory, now his only fear was looking like a coward seeing as how he didn't fire a shot during the whole gunfight. None the less, he was overjoyed to see a few people on his side.

The men walked over to Gordon and one came up to him personally. He was young about twenty five, the youngest Gordon had seen since he's arrived in City 17. His bright blond hair poked out from under his ski cap. He had an earring that glimmered in one ear. He smiled and put his hand out to Gordon.

He grabbed it and gave the man a hearty shake. "Oye, if it ain't the Freeman himself" he said in a Scottish accent.

#### 4. Friends Pt 1

The other rebels seemed to be in shock at the sight of Gordon Freeman. He was like the new messiah to them. "You best be coming with us then, we got to get you out of the open here" the man said.

They arrived at a steel door built into the side of a cliff, not too far from where they were. The man started to punch in a code on the key panel. "You sure as hell no how to piss the combine off'" he said with a smirk. "We've been hearing about ya all over the scanners" he admitted cheerfully. The door made a loud creaking noise as it began to slide open. "I'm Kyle by the way" he said putting his hands on his hips. He walked into the room "Hey everyone, we just picked up a wee man named Gordon Freeman" he yelled, raising his arms in the air like a preacher. People lifted their heads up in awe, some even stood up to see.

They started to walk up to Gordon like children seeing a man in a \_mickey mouse\_ outfit. "Is it true you killed the Nihilanth with your bare hands?" one of the men questioned. "Did you really defeat Superman in a cage match?" a woman answered with great anticipation. Gordon stood overwhelmed by the attention. "Now now, I'm sure Dr. Freeman's very tired from his journey, so for God's sake let's give him some room" Kyle said trying to break the mob. The group thinned out as people went back to their own devices.

Gordon stepped into the bunker. It looked surprisingly clean for being wedged into rock. It was nothing more than a concrete room with a few old wooden tables and benches scattered around it. "The beds are in the back" Kyle said pointing to a door. Gordon shook his head and pointed to the boxes of supplies piled on each other in the corner. "Oh yeah, go ahead take whatever you be needin" Kyle replied.

Gordon stocked back up on ammo for his smg, got a new pistol, and a few more grenades. He took a few more power cells to charge up his suit.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the door of the bunker. "Kyle open up!" a muffled voice yelled. Kyle quickly typed the code in the lock and the door opened. "Listen, the combine are heading this way!" he said panting. "What? How could this happen?" Kyle asked not anticipating answers. "I don't know but something set them off, we got a few APCs and a shit load of metro police on their way here, I say we got about fifteen minutes" he explained.

"Well if we stay locked up they shouldn't find us, right?" Kyle said anxiously. "Can't be so sure, they got head seeking scanners out the ying yang" the man said. "Shit" Kyle put his hand on his chin. "Well, at lease we got Freeman" Kyle tried to smile. "Jackson hit the lights, everybody get some weapons and ammo, we're gonna have a fight on our hands" Kyle said springing into action. Gordon went and kneeled down by a support beam. "The Freeman's power extends beyond this galaxy" he heard a hoarse voice behind him. The vortiguant's red eye glistened in the dark. "He has many enemies, but many friends" he said.

Gordon knew he couldn't be talking about th other alien, how could a vortigaunt he never met before have any idea of it. Before Gordon could think about it anymore the sound of metal wheels on the pavement began to shake outside the bunker. He began to here footsteps. Fortunately it sounded like the combine were just passing by. Then they all heard a muffled voice. The commotion outside stopped in an instant.

They all heard knocking on the door. "Anyone in there?" they heard the almost robotic voice of a combine police officer. "Open or we'll have to open ourselves, if anyone is in there we'll have to use force" he said. "Alright blow the door" they heard the voice carry out. Then there was nothing but a silence. The longest silence Gordon had ever felt. The door then blew open in a fiery flash. He hurled into the blackness of the room. The light spilled in like water in a glass. Soldiers looked in with the up most curiosity.

As soon as on cop saw the face of a rebel, he shot in all directions. The rebels that were still in the dark, shot without any hesitation. The first two cops fell to the ground, a few more came in and were quickly taken down. It was like shooting fish in a barrel. The good feeling of victory stopped a soon as the red light of a grenade and the awful beeping sound of impending doom entered the room. "Grenade!" a nameless rebel shouted. Kyle then jumped up and kicked the it out the door, just as the last beep was squeezing out. It exploded no more than an inch out the door and stunned a few of the enemy soldiers.

Kyle aimed his gun out of the door and fired his smg. The grunts of the metro cops could be heard inside. The rest of the congregation moved out behind Kyle. Men and women both caught the soldiers by surprise and took them all down without skipping a beat. Gordon was next to the last out, behind him came the vortigaunt.

Gordon shot the last remaining cop on top of the APC and he fell to the ground face first. "Franklin, Jefferson, get some grenades in

those APCs, everyone else get back!" Kyle yelled . The two man hopped onto the vehicles and lobbed a grenade in hatch. They both jumped off as if it was going to blow up in a massive flame ball. There was a faint boom and smoke poured out of the top. Kyle chuckled, "Ach, the metro police are so overrated" he said.

"Uh sir" the man from the door called. "That wasn't it" he said. As soon as he finished his sentence They all felt a rumbling underneath their feet and watched as more APCs and cops strolled up the road. "Shit! We can't take all of them!" A voice shouted. "We have no choice" Kyle yelled, his voice faded as the sound of wheels began to raise. "Run!" he shouted the order out.

The group began to charge in the opposite direction. Down the rest of the begotten highway. Gordon looked back and saw the strike force gaining. Then he felt a tug, he was yanked off his feet. He landed in a ditch "Keep quiet" Kyle whispered.

Gordon looked around and saw a few more rebels around him, crouched down trying avoid being seen. The vortigaunt from before also lay next to Gordon. The sound of the engines roared louder and Gordon saw the tops of them roll by. He also heard gunshots and the screams of men and women who didn't make into into the gully. A few of their bodies did however. The blood sunk into the mud and the lifeless corpses lay motionless.

Luckily, the cops weren't smart enough to look down where they were. Most of them lacked basic search skills. They were just bred to pull triggers and swing batons. Finally the last went on by, thinking they had destroyed the rebel threat. "Fucking pricks" Kyle slipped out.

"Alright everyone listen, they think we're dead so lets try to keep it that way. We have to get to Arnold's station by the old marina, stay low and avoid any confrontation with anything else" Kyle seemed confident in his words, speaking like a true leader. "Got it?" he asked, a few mummered replies arose. "Okay me and Jackson are going to scout ahead, we'll say if the coast is clear" Kyle said as he and another man crawled from the ditch.

"The Kyle MacMillan is a brilliant asset to the war on the overlords" Gordon heard the vortigaunt proclaimed. "He is pretty smart, used to be in the military, SAS or some shit like that" a man laying across from Gordon added. "Give him a sniper rifle, and he'll take out five combine in one shot" the man said getting a smirk "Thank God he's on our side"

"Okay, it's clear let's move" Kyle yelled down into the trench. The group was on the move again digging their way from the pit. They moved across the road. "Stay low" Kyle motioned his hand. He hopped over the guard rail. "Down here" he said. Over the small cliff was water that stretch farther than anyone could see. He hopped down to the beach, "Let's move" he shouted. Right then Gordon remembered the air boat. It was a major part of the mission and Gordon knew he couldn't stay with these people. He tapped Kyle on the shoulder.

He pointed back, "Oh I'm sorry Dr. Freeman, by all means get back to your mission" Gordon smiled and nodded. He started to walk away from the crowd. Then he heard it, the clicking. He looked back at Kyle and saw the dots shining right on his head. He sprinted and tackled Kyle

just as the flash flew into the sand. "What gives man!" Kyle shouted. Then he looked and saw the smoldering sand. "Up there!" a person yelled pointing at the top of an old boat house. The crowd fired at the top but it was too late, the monster disappeared right as they pointed.

Gordon motioned them to stop. Everybody ceased and the shots echoed in the distance. Everything got quiet, everyone looked around. Out of nowhere the flash came again and struck a man in the head, removing it completely. A few people fired in random directions and some just stood staring at the decapitated body as blood flowed thick from the neck. "Knock it off!" MacMillan screamed.

They stopped shooting. "Everyone find cover now" they all dashed off to different sections of the beach. The laser came from somewhere else and hit a man in the leg. A gaping hole appeared and blood spurted from it. "Shit! He got me in the leg!" the man yelled, as he writhed in pain. "Where is it fucking coming from!?" Kyle yelled. Then the predator smashed right down in the center of the beach. It walked over to the hurt man. "No! Please!" he pleaded. The outline picked him up by the neck the red dots appeared on his nose and then slowly moved down to his leg. The monster threw his body aside, into the water. This confused the man, but also Gordon. How could this thing be so ruthless, yet let someone go.

Gordon dashed out, he didn't even think about it. "Doctor!" Kyle yelled out behind him. He pulled out his crowbar and swung at the monster. It quickly blocked it, without even a second glance. The predator recognized Gordon, it was glad to battle him again. Gordon had on an angry face as he held his crowbar against the monster's wrist blades. It was a tense moment, "Shoot it!" Kyle barked. "Get down doc!" he yelled raising his weapon.

As much as Gordon didn't want to give this fight away. He knew there was no stopping the other men. A mixture of fear and anger was going to feed their trigger fingers, they were going to shoot no matter what. He thought quickly and threw himself to the ground. The crowd around the monster opened up on it like a paper target. As soon as the first sound of a gun the monster fled, but it wasn't \_that\_ quick. A few bullets ripped into its exposed flesh. Screaming, with radiant blood oozing out. It seemed weakened but still managed to move quickly.

Then an object appeared in its hand, which it abruptly threw back. No one stayed to find out what it was everyone quickly jumped behind cover. There was an explosion and it threw everyone in a trance. When the flash cleared, Gordon got up to see what happened. "What the Hell was that?" Kyle questioned. Gordon looked back at him and shrugged. "You must have seen it before, you went at that thing like a train to a cow." Kyle proclaimed. "Is it working for the combine?" he asked. Gordon shook his head. "Shit, will it come back?" Gordon closed his eyes and nodded.

Kyle turned to the terrified rebels and raised his arms, just as before. "Gentle men reload your weapons, we got a fight on our hands."



He stumbled as he reached the base of a boulder. He was in a lot of pain since the band of humans had opened fire on him. Slowly he made his way to the top of the rock. When he reached the top he pulled out his handy medicomp. The case opened and the predator started to feel the pain of the bullet holes. He began to treat his wounds, it burned when the predator had to treat the battle scars. The plasma stung worse every time he had to use it.

Since his cloaking device malfunctioned he knew it wouldn't be smart to scream, giving away his valuable position. He tried to bottle in his pain, the plasma was seeping into his body like someone stuck a knife in and twisted it all the way around. None the less, he resisted screaming. One of the bullets was still lodged in the side of his arm. He took the grubby scalpel from the case. He began to dig into the wound. It hurt, but not as bad as the plasma. Feeling around he couldn't seem to find the bullet.

He dug deeper in the injury until he finally felt something hard. He yanked out out, but used too much force. The metal piece flew out, but so did a large amount of his blood. It squirted out onto the rock. He grabbed his arm in pain. Yet he still kept the scream inside. He took some more plasma and rubbed it on the open flesh. The same burning sensation came.

After he had patched himself up, and gone through the same pain numerous times. His strength began to return. He looked around to see if he could spot any potential hazards, but there was nothing. He was becoming paranoid. This one fellow, that had the fight lasting for hours. The one with the odd melee weapon had made him afraid of the planet. But remembering the other soldiers of this place, that didn't stand a chance made him feel slightly better.

Although it was quite a challenge with this one human. He knew that if he was ever capable to defeat him, he would receive a prize much better than any other.

## 6. Friends Pt 2

Kyle put a new clip into his smg. He handed one to Gordon. There was anger in his eyes, he seemed so concentrated. "If this thing comes back, we'll be ready" he said. He walked toward the remaining rebels in his team. "Remmy and Smith, I want you two on look out." Once again Kyle spoke as a leader. "I want defensive positions people!" everyone scrambled to get behind objects.

People used whatever they could find to create some sort of protection. "We got nothing sir, we should just go to Arnold's!" a man yelled anxiously. "And lead it there" Kyle replied. "If we kill it now, it won't haunt us later" he went on. "What if it kills all of us?" the man began, as he walked over to Kyle. "Better us, than the people at Arnold's station, now get back to your post" he began to get angry. "Yes sir" the rebel grumbled.

It was silent. There was nothing. Was this it? Staying in one place and waiting. Nobody enjoyed that type of tension. Kyle let out a small laugh "Reminds me of covert op missions, those were always fun" he said to Gordon. The two were behind a large crate. Kyle was hunched over the side and Gordon was hiding next to him. It wasn't much protection, but better than nothing. "Where are you, son of a

bitch" Kyle slowly whispered.

It was a waiting game now. No telling where the monster was. Did it leave? Is it watching them? It could be right behind everyone and they wouldn't even know. It had come clear to Gordon that this thing wasn't here to invade the planet, or to wage war. It was simply for sport. It killed for the fun of it. It was obvious to Gordon after he'd seen the mercy of it, letting the injured man go. Still many questions to ask, but piece by piece Gordon was solving the mystery of this creature.

Time seemed to slow down to a crawl. Every second the tension got heavier, but everyone kept a keen eye. "Where are you" Kyle whispered in anticipation. "Johnson!" he raised his hand. "See if you can attract it" Kyle said without skipping a beat. "What! You're crazy! I'm not cheese!" The man yelled. "Ach, We've got you back, don't worry" Kyle said calmly. The man said nothing but walked out in front of the crate where Kyle and Gordon were. He looked around and kept his gun up. His face had a look that was beyond fear. However he kept walking.

There was nothing, not even a sign of the predator. \_No sport? \_Gordon thought. That couldn't be it. He knew it would attack anything that \_had\_ a weapon. Without warning, a woman shrieked from behind the crowd. Then, gunshots. As Gordon turned to look, the monster had already put it's spear into the woman. "Fire!" Kyle spurted. The creature realized the command and jumped to the side. "Oh no you don't" he yelled running toward it.

It fired two shots with it's laser, hitting two rebels directly. Everyone began to shoot. The creature was nimble and quick. He jumped to the ground, stabbing a man in the foot. Only five men remained, including Kyle, Gordon, and the vortigaunt. "Fall back, and keep shooting!" Kyle demanded. Everyone went back farther on the beach.

Then Kyle threw a grenade. It blew up in the monsters face. There was a brief moment of peace. A tiny speck of hope that the monster may be dead. However a dark figure walked through the smoke. "Dammit" Kyle yelled. "Move back! I'll get a shot" Kyle said. The predator did seemed somewhat shocked. The squad made good use of the time and ran back on the beach coming to a small knoll. "Up there" Kyle pointed.

They climbed up and Kyle got in prone position. "Vorty, Jessica" he said extending his arm back. The alien pulled the object from his back. It was a shiny sniper rifle, it looked brand new. "This is Jessica, my wife" Kyle said with a smirk. "Through sickness and through health, till death do us part." he said beginning to line up the scope. In the distance the monster appeared. Everyone else got down as well.

"Alright douche bag, I don't care what you are or where you came from, all I know is how you're leaving" Kyle said to himself. He put his finger on the trigger, watching in the distance. Gordon hoped he shot before the monster spotted them. Then the loud bang sounded. The darkened figure fell to the ground as green blood squirted out. "Whoa sir, you got him" a rebel said cheerfully from the background. "Of course I got 'em" Kyle said, with the utmost confidence.

"Alright, Johnson and Remmy go on ahead to Arnold's place, Freeman and Vorty, let's go check out the body" Kyle said. The men went their separate ways. Gordon the vortigaunt and Kyle went down the beach. They approached the monster, lying on the ground. "It is not of this world" the vortigaunt's raspy voice spoke. "No shit" Kyle said. "Well whatever it is, I think I got it" Kyle laughed "But just to make sure" he pulled out his pistol and aimed it at the creature's head.

At the moment before he pulled the trigger, the predator's hand grabbed onto Kyle's arm. He yelled and Gordon pulled out his smg, but the monster just blew Gordon and his weapon away with a plasma blast. Luckily it only stunned Gordon, since he had the hazard suit. The predator grabbed Kyle by the neck with it's other hand.

Kyle gagged. But the monster let him go and fell to the side. The vortigaunt had hit it with an energy blast. "Go! Head for the station!" it yelled. Kyle and Gordon got back up and ran up the sand. A few more energy shots flashed in the background. Gordon looked back and saw the monster ram it's claws through the vortigaunt's chest. It peered toward Gordon and Kyle making an escape. It made a mad dash toward them.

Kyle looked back and stopped, Gordon ran a few more steps and turned around. "We got to do it Gor...I got to do it, go on if you want" Kyle said. Gordon shook his head and pulled out his pistol. The monster rushed head on to Kyle, but he didn't move. It raised it's arm to swipe his head. It then stopped and dropped it's arm. Kyle had shoved a combat knife into it's stomach. It screamed and pushed Kyle off.

"Come and get it!" Kyle said, he put his knife back up. The monster growled and took out the combat stick. Blood dripped from it's belly, but it still focused on Kyle. He smiled and put looked at the knife, that was covered in green blood. "Catch" he said and he quickly chucked the knife, it spiraled and stuck in the predator's arm before it could notice. It grabbed the handle and pulled it out.

It glared at Kyle, almost amused by his petty attempts to injure it. The monster was then struck by a bullet, in the shoulder, and another. Gordon shot frantically at the monster. Kyle then pulled out his gun and shot. But the predator's jumped back and fired at Kyle with the plasma cannon. It hit him in th hand, he grunted and fell backward. Gordon rushed over to him. His hand was smoldering and all hims finger's had been blown off, the wound was oozing fresh blood.

Gordon looked back and saw the monster running, to heal it's wounds once again. Gordon was angry now, and he was going to be sure that this thing was going to die, even he had to go with it. Nothing else mattered now, all the other problems would have to wait. Now was time for the game.

He helped Kyle up. "Alright, now it's personal" Kyle said. "Gordon, we have to follow it, catch it off guard" he brought himself up. "He hunted, now it's our turn."

They set off on the footprints in the sand it had made, it didn't try to cover them up. There was no time for hunting tactics anymore, this

monster was going to fight. It wasn't going home empty handed.

They came to the end of the beach, thinking they had to wing it. "What is that?" Kyle pointed his stubby hand. The green blood made a trail of drips down the grass. Kyle laughed "A fatal mistake" he said. They kept moving down the trail of blood, keeping a sharp eye. Gordon had his pistol out and ready, Kyle had an machine gun out, holding it in his hand that wasn't smoking. The drops got smaller and smaller as they went down the grass.

"When I find this thing I'm going to cut off it's hand, and eat it." Kyle said. Gordon looked at him with disgust. "It's a joke doc" he admitted. He then stopped both of them. "What the fuck is that" he pointed at a dark object hanging from a tree. They walked up to it and turned around swiftly. It was a skinned body, hanging upside down, swaying gently.

"Is it one of ours?" Kyle asked. Gordon shrugged. "I have a pretty good idea who did this" he said. Then a sound arose from the tree. The clicking sound. Gordon looked up and saw the predator sitting on the top branch. "Gordon get down!" Kyle yelled, he pushed Gordon aside and started firing up at the monster. It jumped down and sliced Kyle's face. "Gordon!" he yelled and fell to the ground. The monster walked over to him in an attack stance.

It looked at his face and extended it's blades. The noise echoed in the distance. It raised them up aiming toward his eyes. Then Kyle pulled out a knife. And shoved it into the monster's belly again reopening the same wound. At the same moment the rose it's arm back up and pulled it back. "Aw, you son of a bitch" Kyle said. With a hearty thrust the monster stuck the blade's in between Kyle's eyes.

The monster pulled out the knife. It turned around to Gordon. Knowing his pistol wouldn't do anything good, he threw it across the grass. He pulled out his crowbar. The battle was about to begin.

## 7. Final Showdown

The two fighters stood their ground looking at each other, just as they did before. Both knew that one of them wasn't walking away from this.

Gordon rose his crowbar and the monster jumped up above him and landed on the road. Gordon chased him, he followed it down the highway. Where was it going? Gordon had no idea he kept his head up and followed it. It stopped then turned around and aimed the plasma cannon at Gordon. Gordon shook his head angrily and pulled out his pistol, he jumped forward and shot at the plasma cannon. He hit it and it seemed to spark and malfunction.

The predator turned around and kept running. Gordon got up and followed him. He pushed his glasses up and pressed his legs forward. The monster began to outrun him, it was too fast. But Gordon thought quickly and hit the AUX power. He sped up and started to gain on it. He was right next to it, he jumped and tackled it. He punched it in the face repeatedly. Not stopping, even when his hand began to hurt. The monster pushed him off and stood back up. Gordon took out his crowbar and without hesitation he swung it into its face.

It was caught and Gordon yanked on it, seeming to hurt the monster. He kept pulling and heard a cracking sound. Then something that sounded like air rushing out. He fell back on the ground and saw the thing's mask fly onto the road. Gordon looked up and saw the monster's face. It's fang's twitched in anger. Gordon opened his mouth to speak his mind, but before he could the monster jumped on him.

It's face grew closer to Gordon, he tried to push it away but it's strength over took him. He managed to punch it in the exposed face. It flew backward. Gordon got back up and took the crowbar, he prepared to shove it into the monster's face. But it stopped his hand and picked him up. It held Gordon off his feet then swayed him over edge of the guard rail. It held him over a cliff. Gordon looked down, it wasn't enough to kill him, but enough to immobilize him.

Suddenly the monster let go. At the last second Gordon grabbed the monster's arm. They both tumbled off the edge. They quickly hit the ground dirt flew everywhere. Gordon was stunned, he looked around and saw green blood spread out on the ground. He was stuck on his stomach, being held by a rock. It must have tumbled onto him, since it didn't injure his legs too bad.

He heard nothing, the fall must have killed it. It was over, after everything that had happened. The monster simply fell to it's death. Gordon tried to push the rock off his leg., he then heard coughing. He looked to the side and saw the monster sitting on the side of the rock, in the same position as he was. A rock was sitting on top of his leg. Blood was oozing out from under it, but it didn't appear to be damaged too badly.

The monster itself was not in good shape, it coughed and looked at Gordon with a pathetic stare. Then it reached over to it's wrist and opened the small computer on it. It fiddled with a few buttons and then a beeping started.

It looked at Gordon, breathing heavily and began to laugh. Gordon was confused. He looked at the wrist computer and saw a few symbols flashing on it. The line of numbers began to get shorter. Gordon then realized what it was. He panicked and tried to get the rock off his legs. The alien's laugh began to echo in the distance. In front of Gordon lay the dusty crowbar. Gordon threw his arm at it but it fell a few inches too short.

He kept grasping toward it, the beeps began to get quicker. He couldn't reach it. He reached back down to his suit and put his finger on the AUX power button. He thought about using adrenaline, but there was no way to tell if it refilled, and it was dangerous using it right after he had already.

But Gordon had no choice he switched the button and felt that rush go through him. He pushed himself out from under the rock and picked up the crowbar. Then jumped over to the monster and smashed the crowbar into it's wrist computer. The electricity crackled and the device shut off. The monster kicked Gordon's leg from under him and he fell face first into the dirt. The predator was furious, it kicked the rock off it's leg with a burst of anger.

This human had destroyed half it's equipment, inflicted many wounds

on it, and destroyed it's last ditch effort to keep honor. It picked Gordon up by the back of the neck and threw him out onto the dirt. Gordon was disoriented. The monster ejected it's blades yet again. It limped over to Gordon. But he jumped up and swung the crowbar with two hands across the face of the monster. Green blood spurted out onto his glasses.

Some strength still remained from the last shot of adrenaline. The monster screamed at Gordon and picked him up by the neck, Gordon gagged and dropped the crowbar.

Ahead was a cliff, a cliff that was much deeper than the last one. The predator walked to it with Gordon still in his grasp. Gordon saw the edge of it from the corner of his eye. He struggled and tried to shake out of it's hand. The monster was too focused to budge.

It held Gordon over the cliff. It didn't drop him, however it took it's blades. Lining it up with Gordon's neck the monster looked into his eyes. Gordon looked back. The monster brought it's blades back for the final swing on Gordon. But Gordon threw his leg up and kicked the monster in the crotch. It yelled into the sky and dropped Gordon.

They both went to their knees. Gordon was breathing heavily, he looked up and saw his chance to attack. He kicked the monster in the face, it fell back. It was then laying on the ground, as helpless as an ant on it's back. Gordon walked over to it and knelt down. He looked into it's face and pushed up his glasses. He then just shook his head and rose a fist. As he pushed it down the monster caught it. "Freeman" it said in a distorted deep voice.

It pushed Gordon back and stood up. Gordon was knelt with his hands on his knees. It rushed over to him and Gordon pushed it over his back. It landed on it's feet but Gordon hit it in the face before it could realize what happened. He then took a grenade, the last one he had. He stuck it into the wound of the monster's belly. He pushed as far as he could, up into it's body. It yelled in pain and Gordon kicked it off the edge of the cliff.

It flayed its arms and legs. The monster's entire body was engulfed in a round explosion of fire. Gordon closed his eyes in relief. It was over, Gordon Freeman-1, Monster-0. He noticed that something was clenched in his hand. He looked at it, a string with a small assortment of skulls on it. Skulls no bigger than a cat's. It was some sort of other alien with a long cranium, it didn't surprise Gordon. He'd seen his share of aliens now.

He looked down over the cliff, there was nothing. He knew that it was finally dead. After taking out countless metro police, a group of rebels, a vortigaunt, and a SAS trained sniper. It was no match for a physicist with a crowbar. Gordon took a final sigh of relief.

Then, the sound of clicking. It was coming from behind him. It had to have just been his imagination. He turned around and saw three more monster's glaring at him. They all had their plasma cannons aimed at his face. The one in the middle looked down at his side and saw the skull necklace. It then looked back up at his face. Gordon knew he didn't stand a chance, but still stood his ground. The monster then deactivated the laser. The other two did the same. It then turned around and the other two slowly followed. They walked off and

activated their cloaking. Gordon was in awe, he then looked across the cliff and saw the G-Man looking in his direction, he straightened his tie and walked away.

End  
file.